A CHRISTMAS QUEEN.

BY MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

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Aunt Charlotte came sturdily across the Lee plantation. The fields were all sere, as became mid-December. Yet in the flower garden roses, pansies and chrysanthemums were rapidly unfolding in the warm, slow rain, rather ragged and discolored, to be sure, but flowers for all that.

"Dem's de ve'y tings fer dressin up de table," Aunt Charlotte muttered to herself as she scudded betwixt the borders and on to the back porch. Before she could knock, the hall door opened, and Mrs. Lee called out:

"Howd'y, Aunt Charlotte? Come right in my room to the fire. You'll catch your death yet, running about so in bad weather. Sit down and dry your feet while you tell me all the news."

Aunt Charlotte stuck her torn, muddy shoes toward the blazing logs, fetched a sort of groaning sigh and said: "La, Miss Ma'y, you know I never hears no news, but dey nor'ated it at church meeting 'istiddy dat ole lady Brantley wus metty low wid de brownskeeters, an ole Miss Calishaw's Flo'ence had done runned off an married dat Dodd boy."

"Well, well, she has driven her ducks to a bad market. Girls are so foolish. Oh, did you hear from old Mr. Pegram? I am told he was badly hurt last week."

"Yessum; he clumb up de stable lof', huntin fer de boyses jug er licker, an fell through on dat young mule, an de critter kicked him. So de doctor say de spine er he back is querrelized."

"Dear me! You don't say so!" Mrs. Lee returned.

For an hour the talk slipped along the channels of local gossip. Aunt Charlotte knew there was nothing like tidbits of news to put Miss Ma'y in good humor. Whatever happened in ten miles around was reported, with enlargement and variations, at the colored church. Besides Aunt Charlotte herself was outdoor laundress for some half dozen families, so of course knew all about them. When her feet were dry, she got up, picked her sunbonnet from the floor and said, balancing herself on one foot:

"Well, I mus' be goin. Miss Ma'y, is you got any gole paper?"

"Let me see. Yes, I think—I know I have. Do you want some? Are they going to have another Christmas tree at the church?"

"Yessum—no'm. I does wants some, but 'tain't fer no Chrismus tree. Dey done had so many er dem, an fesservuls, an May suppers, an so on, de folks is tired on um. Mist' Pasco, de teacher at de free school, is metty high larnt. He been one session ter de Frisk nuniversity, up hat Nashville, so de church call on him ter pervent um somp'n new. An he tole um dey mus' have er queen er Chrismus."

"Indeed? That is something new. Tell me all about it."

"I ain't zactly got de whole thing straight yit, but fur es I kin make out my Meely—dey choosed her fer queen—is gwine be dressed up in white, wid er crown on, an red shoes, an set up on er cheer on top de teacher's table, wid er big stripe-ed shawl all hangin down ter de flo', an de schoolchilluns is ter come up 'fore her an say dey speeches—'bout de boy stood on de burnin deck, an twinkle, twinkle, little stars, an de reaper whose name is debt, an all dem yothers. Den dey gwine have di-logs fer the big chilluns, an arter dat all de young men will march an sing around her, an she ha' ter choose one on 'em fer king. Dat's whut gits Meely whar de wool's short. You know she ain't forard lek de yother gals."

"No; Meely's a good girl—the best I know. Is that all?"

"Oh, no'm. Dey gwine have er supper, sot in de schoolhouse eend er de church. Dat'll be 50 cents an eat all you wants er barbecue an pie. De church don't git none er dat; hit all goes ter dem wha' 'vides de vittels. But the side table whar dey gwine sell cake an candy an reasons an oringes an seegyars will be all fer de paschure sal'ry. 'Sides dat he git de dime at de do' too. De church owes him $40, an dey had ter promus ter git up somp'n would make it fer him Chrismus, 'fore he'd 'gree ter baptize any er dem las' converts. He 'lowed his body wus des as well wuth savin as dey souls, an he wasn't gwine ruint his las' suit er clothes in de water 'dout he had de inshorance er gittin money ter buy mo'."

"I see. Does it come off Christmas eve?"

"Oh, no'm. Hit's gwine be Saddy night in Chrismus. De yother churches an school 'tainments will be through by den, so we git er big crowd. De s'ciety from town—de Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, say dey comin out ter see how us country niggers does, an I wants ter 'stonish um good one time sho."

"You want me to help you?"

"Yessum; I be metty proud ef you will. I got three dozen eggs. Ef you des let me heve de sugar an butter an flour, I'll make two cakes fer de side table an bake um in your big rosepans. An I thought maybe you'd len me de money ter git Meely's dress an shoes, an make de crown fer her, an len me you buggy blankit ter go over de cheer. Ef you will, hit'll be er mighty big 'commerdation."

"Has Meely outgrown the white dress I made her last summer?"

"No'm, but hit's been washed. 'Sides hit nuver wus nothin but swiss muslin. Now she got ter have tarlton. Teacher say queens don't nuver w'ar nothin else, an nuver puts one on dey back but des de one time. Hit's boun ter be right new."

"You had better get her yellow shoes. She can wear them afterward."

"Teacher say dey mus' be red—dat's what de town niggers will be spectin, an dey shan't have no scuse ter laugh ef I can help it."

"You want me to make the dress?"

"Yessum, ef you will."

"And the crown?"

"Ain't nobody but you would do it fer me."

"Do you want it like this?" showing a picture of a royal diadem.

"No'm," said Aunt Charlotte. "De chilluns is gwine w'ar silver ones when dey say dey speeches an Mist' Pasco he made um one fer er pattren. Hit's des er ban big 'nough to go on de head, wid sharp p'ints stannin up around de top. Meely's mus' be dat way, too, only gole an bigger."

"H-m-m! Is that all you want?"

"Yessum—'ceptin 'tis dem flowers out yonder in de gyarden. An I'll sweep de yard, an make your soap in de springtime, an iron all Miss Lucy's nice clothes next summer."

"I know you will, you blessed Aunt Charlotte," said Miss Lucy Lee, running in with her arms full of finery. "And Meely shall be as fine as Friday in this tarlatan dress of mine—I've only worn it once—and a red sash and stock-

"IS YOU GOT ANY GOLE PAPER?"

ings as well as the shoes. And her crown shall have 17 tiny sharp points to it, one for each year of her life and mine. You know we were born the same day, and have grown up just the same size."

Aunt Charlotte beamed all over.

"God love you, Miss Lucy! You is one good child. I wus thinkin 'bout dat dress all de way ober here—studyin up how I could git it. If your foots des wan't so little dat Meely couldn't git mo'n her big toe in your shoes, I'd ax you fer dem white slippers and let de red stockin's do."

"Oh, she shall have shoes—never fear!" Lucy said, holding the sash to the light. "But how will she get to church without spoiling them? It's a mile from your house, and the mud will be knee deep. You know it always rains a week when the wind is in the south."

"Yessum, hit's gwine be bad. Dey done 'cided at church meetin dat Meely mus' dress in de clostes' house dar an den come out, an be sot up in er no top buggy, an have eight er de big boys pull her up ter de church do'. Den Mist' Pasco, he gwine take her outen hit an tote her up de aisle an set her in de cheer on de table."

Lucy laughed aloud. Her mother frowned and said, a trifle sharply:

"I would not allow that, Charlotte. Meely is no child."

Aunt Charlotte looked at the floor in meek obstinacy.

"Dey tells me queens don't walk none 'tall," she said, "an de buggy cain't git no nigher 'an de do'."

"Then let two of the big girls make a bee saddle and tote her. That won't look half so bad as to see Pasco lugging her like an old cat does her kitten," Mrs. Lee said, still snarply.

"It's the hugging, not the lugging, ma objects to," Lucy said through her laughing, "but that does not matter. I believe Mr. Pasco wants to marry Meely."

"He do," said Meely's mother, "but she done sot her min on dat ar' owdacious Pete Meacham, who've got no 'ligion 'tall, is des always whistlin reels an potillions an singin 'bout

"Oh, Master Rabbit, yo' years mighty long.
Yes, my dear, dey are sot on wrong.

Dat's what make me try so hard ter git her fix up nice fer dis yere time. I'm gwine git all de things an den tell 'er she cain't have um 'dout she'll 'gree ter take Mist' Pasco."

Lucy's eyes flashed, but before she could speak her mother said:

"Well, I hope you'll succeed, but it does seem to me that when a girl sets her heart on a trifling, no account fellow there is no use trying to change it. I didn't know Meely was like the rest, but I'll help you all I can."

"So will I," said Lucy, running away, with scarlet cheeks. Meely's case was her own. Bert Wilmer had her heart and her troth plight; rich Dave Allen, the backing of her parents. Possibly it was this fellow feeling that made her so wondrous kind to Meely. Possibly also the fact that Pete had been postman for the lovers ever since Bert was forbidden the Lee house had something to do with the case.

Then, too, the Lees were a habitual providence to the poor blacks about them. Love for the merry, careless, simple-shrewd race was in their blood, comprehension likewise. They saw under the grotesque extravagance of the "queen of Christmas" a germ of self reliance and furthered it accordingly.

When at last it came to pass, Lucy, with her brother and a dozen more young folks, stood outside and looked on through the window back of the pulpit. The church was a big log structure, lit with kerosene lamps in flaring tin reflectors, and fairly crammed with dark humanity.

Besides the country negroes for miles around the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise were out in full regalia, a hundred strong. Each brother wore a red sash crossing his breast, with a tin star over the heart, a green apron turned up with yellow, and a blue and white rosette upon the left lapel. Each sister was gorgeous in a purple cape, a long white, freely ruffled apron, deep red sash about the waist and orange turban with green plumes. They marched to their allotted places, droning out a weird, wordless chant, and vainly tried to maintain an attitude of solemn criticism. The crowd was dotted with smiling familiar faces, the savory scent of barbecue was in the air, and Brudder Paschure, otherwise the Rev. Mr. Barker, shook hands up and down the benches with a fervor that almost set them shouting.

Presently the deacons hustled and squeezed the crowd back from the aisle, and Mr. Pasco came through with Meely in his arms. She was a slim slip of a girl, but he staggered under her weight and would have fallen when mounting to her chair throne if Pete Meacham had not sprung forward and relieved him of his burden.

"Umph! My Lord! I wouldn't have dat nigger fer soap grease ef he cain't tote no better'n dat!" exclaimed the foremost Daughter of I Will Arise, while one of the country lads murmured: "Lordy! Wouldn't I des lek ter see 'im put 'ginst Pete at er log rollin! He done stay dar in dat school'ouse twell he ain't no stronger'n er skeeter."

Meely reached her throne about equally crumpled in clothes and feelings. While the speeches and dialogues went on she sat trembling and half blind, only kept from running incontinently away by the knowledge that her mother's eye was on her. She knew what was expected of her—that she would choose Mr. Pasco as King—and she hated him so! If only she might choose Pete! But he would not be in the line. Aunt Charlotte had managed to have him left out. After he put her in the chair he sat down on the pulpit floor back of it,

SENT HIM SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR.

where the drapery hid him from the crowd, but let him look his fill at her. That was her only consolation. If they tried to make her bodily over to Mr. Pasco, he was close at hand, and Miss Lucy and Marse Bert looking in at the window, ready to give him countenance for her protection.

At last the march began. Two by two, a man and woman, they came into the small clear space before her and moved around singing:

My Lord called Sister Marthy.
Sister Marthy would not answer.
Sister Marthy's into de gyarden,
Talkin erbout my Lord.

Five minutes of slow, heavy stamping; then came a wild whirl to

Dar war ban's o' music,
Dar war ban's o' music,
Dar war ban's o' music
Rumblin fro' de sky.

Then the words died away to a wild groaning shriek, with a tempest of footfalls under it. The marchers formed a wheel with the women in the center and whirled at top speed in front of and up to the poor distracted queen. The pastor came, too, with an oily smile, and put his buggy whip in her hand, saying: "Now, Miss Permeely, hit your king and lemme set him down up yere 'side you. Hit is not good fer 'ooman ter be erlone, de Scripture says. Now, shet your eyes an hit de nex' who-'er passes." With that he seemed to release the whip, yet adroitly flung the lash around Pasco's neck. Instantly there went up a great laughing shout, and by the time Meely had drawn one sobbing breath the teacher was beside her, holding her hand. The preacher had drawn a book and a folded paper from his pocket and was beginning to read that the document authorized him to solemnize matrimony betwixt Cæsar Augustus Pasco and Pamela Mills.

Out from the wonder stricken crowd came a shrill cry: "O-o-o! you vilyun! I hain't dead yet!"

The next minute a small and vicious looking Daughter of I Will Arise streamed up to the throne, clutched the royal bridegroom and shaking him till his teeth chattered cried out: "I married dis yere slab sided, low-down, no 'count triflin fly up de creek two years ergo, up to Nashville, an took in washin ter spote 'im so he might go ter school an git book sense enough ter be er preacher. An dis is whut I gits for it. Fine um yere tryin ter marry er gal 'at don' 'ant um an does 'ant somebody else. I been knowin ever sence he runned away he was mean as gar broth thickened wid tadpoles, but I never did thought he'd come quite ter sech er pass as dis."

Mr. Barker put on his most judicial aspect. Pasco's countenance betrayed his guilt. Nevertheless the minister asked:

"Is this woman your wife, Brother Pasco?"

"I married her once, but I was a minor then, and I propose to get me a divorce next spring—as soon, in fact, as school is out," Mr. Pasco said, calling all his grammar to his aid.

"Den you better wait till you git it 'fore you try ter marry agin," Pete Meacham said, catching his rival round the waist and sending him sprawling on the floor. Then he gathered the sobbing Meely in his arms and turned to face the preacher, saying: "Mr. Paschure, my boss is got license for me ter marry dis same little gal. Git um from him, please, an tie de knot right yere. I wus gwine steal her as we went home, but I don't wanter take no mo' risks er losin 'er."

Then a wonderful thing happened. The party outside came in and stood in a half circle, back of Pete and Meely, until they were made one, when a grave gentleman, whom nobody quite knew, stepped in front of Bert Wilmer and Lucy Lee, and in less time than it takes to write it they had likewise entered the holy estate of matrimony. Pete and his boss, it seemed, had planned a double runaway. The happenings of the evening only precipitated the crisis.

Aunt Charlotte and Mrs. Lee in time became reconciled to their sons-in-law, but the church meeting has never yet ventured upon another queen of Christmas.

THE GAME OF SNAPDRAGON.

Players Must Be Quick and Not Mind Burned Fingers.

Few "Christmas gambols" exist in their original form. But the old games modified to suit modern taste as well as the new ones are just as full of fun and are entered into by the young folks nowadays with as much zest as were the rougher gambols over which in old England the "Lord of Misrule" presided. Although the authority of this lord was generally acknowledged at Christmas merrymakings 200 or 300 years ago, and he made things very lively, such disorders finally crept into his brief burlesque reign that he was suppressed.

One of the most quiet and genial of the gambols over which he was master has been handed down under the name of "Snapdragon." Raisins are put into a large bowl, covered with spirit, which is ignited. Lights in the room are extinguished, and each one attempts in turn to grasp a raisin, a feat requiring some skill and courage. Meanwhile an appropriate accompaniment is the "Song of the Snapdragon," beginning thus:

Here he comes with flaming bowl.
Don't he mean to take his toll?
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

Take care you don't take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

With his blue and lapping tongue
Many of you will be stung.
Snip! Snap! Dragon!

A Bit of Pathos at Christmastide.

There is a little girl of 6 who has proved herself one of the ministering children not in name only. A few weeks ago the baby of the family died. The children as well as the mother had looked forward to hanging up the baby's stocking at Christmas with a great deal of pleasure. But the loss of the baby brought such anguish to the mother that she decided to have no Christmas celebration of any kind. Last Sunday evening, as the family sat in partial darkness, recounting their loss with all its sad circumstances, a tender little voice pierced the gloom:

"Mamma, isn't there any Christmas in heaven?"

"Yes, darling," answered the weeping mother. "It is always Christmas there."

"Then why don't you keep it here?" persisted the little girl. "Jus' make b'lieve baby isn't dead, an hang up her little stockin, mamma, an le's all have Christmas jus' the same an be happy, like she is."

The child's wisdom prevailed against the unreasoning sorrow of the mother, and the little ones are happy and busy filling the stocking of the baby who will keep Christmas in heaven.

Christmas Dessert.

A HALF DOZEN SPOONS.

Christmas Carols.

The first Christmas carol, as Milton and Jeremy Taylor have said, was sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem. This custom has prevailed in most Christian countries and is perpetuated in England and on the continent. Calabrian minstrels still leave their mountains during the last days preceding Christmas for Naples or Rome, saluting with their wild music the shrines of the Virgin Mother, to cheer her until the birth hour of the infant Jesus, now near at hand. The first Christmas carols were hymns in honor of the nativity. They afterward assumed a more secular character, many of them being songs of revelry accompanying the festivities of the season.

"WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?"

Web Flanagan's Own Story of How He Uttered the Famous Remark.

"Flanagan of Texas" is a name that always brings up a famous question, "What are we here for?" Whether in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, that name on the hotel register always brings a crowd of people to see the man who originated one of the most famous phrases in American politics. The sentence has gone into history and become a part of it. It was one of the memorable incidents of one of the most memorable conventions that ever assembled in America—the Chicago national Republican convention which defeated Grant and nominated Garfield. Ever since then somebody in every convention, large or small, has arisen to ask, "What are we here for?" Web Flanagan of Henderson, Rusk county, Tex., is the man who said it first of all. To a writer for the Galveston News Flanagan told the story of the phrase. This is the way he told it:

"It was in Chicago in 1880. I was a member from Texas in the national convention. When the committee on platform and resolutions reported, Barker of Massachusetts offered to insert a plank pledging the party to civil service reform. I arose in my place and said: 'Mr. President, Texas has had quite enough of civil service reform. Out of 1,300 offices in that state 1,000 of them are filled by Democrats. We believe that to the victors belong the spoils. Every proposition of this sort comes from states that are threatened with a Mugwump invasion. Sir, the boys in the trenches are demanding recognition. Party service entitles them to something at the party's hands. They need the offices, and, sir, what are we here for but for the offices?' Immediately the delegates and the galleries yelled. They shouted till they were hoarse, and it was several minutes before the chairman was finally able to restore order. The next day the incident was in all of the papers, and from then till now it has been traveling around the earth. I have seen it in foreign papers and have heard it time and again in national conventions since then. It was simply a forcible way I had of expressing myself. I never had the slightest idea that my chief claim to fame should be a chance expression in the confusion of a great national body."

EDWIN BOOTH'S UNHAPPINESS.

To His Daughter He Says He Was Never Really Happy.

A number of letters written by Edwin Booth to his daughter and intimate friends are published in The Century. The following one to his daughter gives an index to the melancholy that was so marked in his disposition:

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1888.

I have seen Rose several times and shall say goodby tomorrow. I do all I can for her, but nothing on earth can render her lonely life less weary, poor soul! As for God's reward for what I have done, I can hardly appreciate it. 'Tis more like punishment for misdeeds (of which I've done many) than grace for good ones (if I've done any). Homelessness is the actor's fate, physical incapacity to attain what is most required and desired by such a spirit as I am slave to. If there be rewards, I certainly am well paid, but hard schooling in life's thankless lessons has made me somewhat of a philosopher, and I've learned to take the buffets and rewards of fortune with equal thanks, and in suffering all to suffer—I won't say nothing, but comparatively little. Dick Stoddard wrote a poem called "The King's Bell," which fits my case exactly (you may have read it). He dedicated it to Lorimer Graham, who never knew an unhappy day in his brief life, instead of to me, who never knew a really happy one. You mustn't suppose from this that I'm ill in mind or body. On the contrary, I am well enough in both. Nor am I a pessimist. I merely wanted you to know that the sugar of my life is bitter sweet—perhaps not more so than every man's whose experience has been above and below the surface. Business has continued large and increases a little every night. The play will run two weeks longer. Sunday at 4 o'clock I start for Baltimore, arriving there at 10 o'clock.

Tomorrow a meeting of actors, managers and artists at breakfast to discuss and organize, if possible, a theatrical club like the Garrick of London.

WEIGH WITH THEIR EYES.

Expert Dealers In Live Stock Do Not Often Use Scales.

The dealers in live stock who buy and sell the thousands of cattle, hogs and sheep which are daily handled at the Bourbon stockyards must be expert in guessing the weight of a live animal at a glance. In conversation with a well known stockman a few days ago he explained why this is necessary:

"It would be impossible to weigh the cattle in many cases because of the immense labor involved and the length of time it would take, while the market price, which is subject to constant fluctuations, might easily vary from its highest to its lowest limit while we were weighing the animals in one of our big scales. For instance, today, which has been the biggest day of the year thus far, there have been received at the Bourbon yards over 2,400 head of cattle and about 6,000 hogs. Suppose we had to drive all of those upon the scales to ascertain their weight? There are dozens of old stock men who can inspect a herd of animals and form an estimate of their average weight which will be readily accepted by purchasers as the basis of a trade.

"In a test case which was made some time since a man who has had a lifelong experience in buying and selling a herd of cattle, after inspecting a herd of 500 animals, guessed their average weight within one-third of a pound of the actual figure ascertained by weighing the cattle individually. The feat was accomplished by Mr. Ben D. Offutt of this county and is not so extraordinary as it appears, because similar instances of expert 'guessing' occur here every day."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Women Officers Re-elected.

The Woman's Benevolent association of Kansas City, Kan., elected officers at its recent meeting. Without an exception the old officers were re-elected. Here they are: Mrs. Phœbe A. Eager, president; Mrs. E. J. Harris, vice president; Mrs. W. H. Ryus, secretary, and Mrs. J. C. Martin, treasurer. The society is over 20 years old.

The amount of fatty matter or oil in maize is far greater than in wheat. In the latter oil composes about 1 per cent; in the former, from 6 to 10.

A LESSON IN BOXING.

The Young Man Who Saw a Sign, Afterward Saw Stars.

A Detroit young man who has been taking in Chicago tells this story and tells it well:

"I saw a sign of 'boxing and gymnasium up stairs,' and I went up simply to see what sort of a place it was. There were only a few people up there, and one of them was a young man with a black eye and a dejected countenance. As he seemed to be unhappy, I felt it my duty to speak to him and see what I could do to make his path more pleasant.

"'I'll tell you what's de matter wid me,' he explained after a bit. 'I was a-boxin here two or t'ree days ago wid de St. Joe Kid, as he calls hisself, and he struck me foul and blacked me eye. I'm a-layin fur him here, dis mornin, and if he comes, say, I'll put him to sleep in de middle of de first round. I'll show you how he hit me.'

"He got up, pulled off his coat and vest and pulled on a pair of gloves, and about this time I remarked:

"'I'm perfectly willing to take your word for it. You needn't go to any trouble to demonstrate.'

"'Oh, it's no trouble at all. Come into de ring, and I'll show you how he did it.'

"'But, you see, I'——

"'Come into de ring. What's de use of askin about me eye if you don't want to know how de kid blacked it?'

"He had gone to considerable trouble on my account, and I felt it was only fair to step into the ring.

"'Now, den, put up your dukes,' he said as he squared off at me.

"'But, my dear sir, I never'——

"'Put up yer dukes. Do you want me to knock yer jaw off at de very first clip?'

"It looked to me as if he was an only child and not used to being crossed, and so I put up my dukes to keep him good natured.

"'Now, prance around,' he said as he began to dance and skip and feint at me.

"'What's the use?' I protested. 'I can stand still while you explain matters.'

"'Prance, I say!' he yelled.

"It seemed policy to humor him in his absurd theories, and so I began prancing.

"'Dat's de idea,' he called as he dodged about. 'Now, den, hold yer right a little lower. Dat's it. Up a little wid yer left. Dat's de way.'

"'But, I assure you, my dear fellow, that I didn't come here to'——

"'Lead for me wid yer left!'

"'What for?'

"'Lead fur me, I say. Do you want to stand there like a chump and let me do all de work?'

"I didn't want to hurt the young man, but as he was willing to take the risk I led for him. I expected to knock him head over heels, but he was still circling around me after I got through leading. This astonishing fact led me to remark:

"'I think I will go now. I've got to be down at the Palmer House in just 15 minutes. I can plainly see now how the kid'—

"'Swing yer right fur me jaw!' he yelled as his dancing and prancing grew more vigorous.

"'But I don't want to break your jaw.'

"'Swing wid yer right!'

"He had requested me to kill him, and I swung. I was wondering what the coroner's verdict would be when the roof fell in and everything turned dark. It was eight minutes afterward, as a small boy with a very honest face informed me, when I awoke and found the roof all right. The boy and I were the only ones in the place, and he said my jaw wouldn't bother me over two weeks. He was a good boy. He rubbed me with liniment, brought me a glass of brandy and afterward helped me down stairs and called a carriage and told the driver what hospital to bring up at."—Detroit Free Press

Shelley married an innkeeper's daughter, who proved uncongenial. He left her, and she committed suicide.